# THE EVENING TIMES.

FRANK A. MUNSEY

PUBLICATION OFFICE, Tenth and D Streets.

SUBSCRIPTION RATES TO OUT OF TOWN POINTS, POSTAGE PREPAID:

MORNING EDITION, one year, $5; six months, $2.50; three months, $1.25. Morning and Sunday, one year, $7; six months, $3.50; three months, $1.75. Sunday edition only, one year, $2; six months, $1; three months, 50 cents.

EVENING EDITION, one year, $3; six months, $1.50; three months, 75 cents. Evening and Sunday, one year, $5; six months, $2.50; three months, $1.25. Morning, Evening, and Sunday, one year, $10, six months, $5; three months $2.50.

Any person who cannot buy the Morning, Afternoon, or Sunday Edition of The Times on any news stand in Washington, in suburban towns, on railroad trains, or elsewhere, will confer a favor by notifying the Publisher of The Times, Corner Tenth and D Sts., Washington, D. C.


## A DELICATE QUESTION

A writer in "The Cosmopolitan" asks the pertinent question, "What is a woman to call her divorced husband?" With the increasing prevalence of divorce in this country there seems to have come a necessity for some sort of name for the divorced husband or wife.

At present it might logically be assumed that the lady who has been divorced would prefer not to speak of her former spouse at all. She drops his name and everything that belongs to him, so far as she can, with the exception, sometimes, of alimony. But if she should happen to wish to speak of him, what is she to call him?

"My first husband" immediately suggests the query whether there are to be any more. "My late husband" would convey the idea that the speaker is a widow, which might lead to embarrassing complications. "My ex-husband" sounds altogether too flippant for so serious a matter as this really is. "My former husband" tells the straight story, but somehow it does not sound right. It is too matter-of-fact and it says either too much or not enough.

And if this is a difficulty, what shall be called the complications which ensue when a person has been divorced more than once? How is a woman to designate the first, second, and present matrimonial partners whom she may chance to have taken? Or suppose she was a widow when she married the second time, or suppose the second husband died when the first was still living? Then would the former husband and the late husband get into a dreadful tangle in her conversation with acquaintances.

This is a question which demands no ordinary intellect for its solution. It would be too much for Noah Webster if he were alive; but it may be commended with confidence and earnest interest to the attention of Mr. Alfred Ayres.

## WORDS AND THEIR ORIGIN

Much to be learned from a study of the dictionary.

In an important sense the dictionary is the sum total of all human learning, the aggregate of all human experience. In the ultimate analysis the unit of literature is the word, and a collection of all the words of a language is a record of all that men have thought, learned or experienced. A word now passed into common usage may be an unrecognized relic of a great historic event; it may record a long-forgotten custom; it may tell us of peculiarities of character or oddities of habit now unknown save to him who studies the dictionary, for in the words of a language is often crystalized no small share of the past of the people who use them. The arts, the sciences, the religions, the superstitions, even rogueries and deceits of the past, are embodied in our words. A sincere man is a man without deceit. The word was once applied in commendation of well-made furniture. In the good old days we read about cabinetmakers who manufactured their wares of honest, flawless wood. Then came rogues at the business, who filled up knot holes and cracks with wax. Sine cera, which means without wax, was soon contracted into sincere, and sincere furniture therefore meant the best that could be made.

The dictionary tells us of the origin of things familiar, and in its pages we may learn that the bayonet was first made at Bayonne, in France; that damask and the damson came originally from Damascus; that coffee first came to Europe from Kaffa, and copper took its name from Cypress; that candy was first exported from Candia, and that tobacco was so called from the Island of Tobacco, the home of Defoe's imaginary hero; that gin was either invented at Geneva, or early in its history became an important factor in the commerce of that city; in the region about Taranta; that the magnetic property was first noticed in iron ore dug in the neighborhood of Magnesia; that parchment was first made at Pergamus, cambric at Cambray, muslin at Mousseline, calico at Calicut, gauze at Gaza, dimity at Damietta; that milliners first plied their trade in Milan, and that mantuas were invented in the Italian city of the same name.

If the dictionary told us no more than this it would be worth reading. But it does more. It is more than a history of usages; it is more than a history of language. It contains, in brief and with many gaps, some of which cannot now be filled, all the annals of the human race. It exhibits the beggings, borrowings, and stealing of our language from others; it is a record of the commercial spirit and indefatiguable business energy of the Anglo-Saxon race. There is not a commercial nation on the earth which has not been forced to stand and deliver to the English language such words as the English-speaking peoples needed in their business. Nor is that all, for it bears testimony to the fact that when we need a word and cannot find one to suit we do not hesitate to make one. Verily, he who buys a dictionary buys the sum total of what the English language has to offer in history, in art, in science, poetry, and philosophy, for all are concentrated in this one book.

## A GOOD STORY SPOILED

"A story's life is apt to last in proportion to its usefulness," said a member of the Senate yesterday as he puffed meditatively at a particularly good cigar, "but somebody spoiled an awfully good story at a banquet the other night."

"How was that?" asked an interested listener.

"Well, I wasn't there, but the newspapers had it that the story was told on a well-known physician," and he fished a clipping out of his notebook. It read in this wise:

"Recently the doctor's nephew, a green country lad, came into town on a visit. One of the sights was the doctor's laboratory. In a closet was a well-preserved skeleton, nicely articulated and hanging from a hook.

"The doctor left his nephew in the room for a few minutes. Meantime, the youngster, bent upon seeing all that was to be seen, prowled about the laboratory. Finally he came to the closet door, and, wondering what was inside, opened it. At sight of the skeleton the lad yelled, slammed the door shut, and ran from the room shrieking at the top of his voice. He sped down the stairs, four steps at a time, dashed through the door and started on a mad run down the street, still yelling.

"Hearing the noise the doctor rushed to the laboratory, only to catch a glimpse of the youngster as he went downstairs. Following in hot pursuit, the doctor arrived at the street just as his nephew was half a block away.

"'Hi, there, y-o-u young rascal! What's the matter? Come back here,' shouted the doctor breathlessly.

"With a fresh burst of speed, the youth yelled as he turned his head:

"'Not on your life! I know you, even if you have got your clothes on.'"

"Now, the original story," went on the Senator, while one or two of the listeners began to look reminiscent, "was told on Senator Ingalls. He was left alone in the office of a physician friend of his one day, and a little newsboy stuck his head in the door. He didn't see the Senator, but he did see the skeleton, and pelted down the stairs as if he thought it was after him. Meanwhile Ingalls had stuck his head out of the window and was shouting at the boy to come back, for he wanted a paper. The boy gave one glance and ran harder than ever, exclaiming:

"'You can't get me, old Bones! I know you, if you have got your clothes on!'

"You know there really wasn't much of Ingalls except a framework. But wasn't it a pity to dig up a good story and mangle it like that?" finished the Senator regretfully.

## BELASCO'S VIGOROUS ANSWER

David Belasco has just made his long-anticipated move in the battle which is raging between himself and Jean Richepin, the French writer. It had been freely stated that Mr. Belasco's answer would be of the sensational order—that it would not make entirely pleasant reading for his opponent. It must be admitted that for once rumor was true, for a more vigorous and forceful document has seldom been filed in a suit of this nature. The effect of this legal instrument is startling, to say the least; for not only does Mr. Belasco effectually defend his own position, but he brings, point-blank, certain charges affecting the personal and professional honor of Richepin and his agent, which these people can hardly leave unexplained.

If hitherto Mr. Belasco has been pleased to remain silent in the face of his opponent's assertions, it is now shown, in the most consistent manner possible that his silence has served some purpose. Mr. Belasco has prepared and submitted an answer to the Frenchman's allegation which is not capable of two meanings, for not only are Richepin's charges specifically and totally denied, but there are brought into the case for the first time certain unpleasant allegations which place the French writer and his agent on the defensive.

Richepin and Miss Marbury must now undertake something more than to show that in writing "Du Barry" Mr. Belasco has infringed upon the work originally submitted to him, Richepin must face a task which he little anticipated—the task of clearing himself of the direct charges that in making his contract with Mr. Belasco Richepin and his agent used fraudulent means, and that the play "La Du Barry" originally submitted was neither more nor less than a direct plagiarism.

* * *

Early changes of bill in New York will be Elsie de Wolf's departure from the Savoy, in "The Way of the World," to be followed March 17 by Robert Edeson in "Soldiers of Fortune;" "Sky Farm" succeeding Charles Hawtrey in "A Message From Mars" at the Garrick on the same date, and the production by William Collier, on March 20, at the Madison Square, of Martha Morton's new comedy, "The Diplomat."

The long run of "Florodora" ends Saturday night. This engagement has been longer than any ever achieved in New York with the exception of "A Trip to Chinatown."

"Florodora" will be followed by a new review on the stage of the New York theatre roof, entitled "The Belle of Broadway."

* * *

The news came to the members of the American "Arizona" company, while playing at the Salt Lake Theatre, Salt Lake City, that King Edward VII and Queen Alexandra had honored the company now playing "Arizona" at the Adelphi Theatre, London, by a royal visit and subsequent royal compliments. Grace Elliston, who plays Bonita, read with interest how Queen Alexandra had called Olive May, the Bonita of the London company, into the royal box at the end of the third act and had paid her gracious compliments.

"My, but I wish I'd had that chance!" she exclaimed.

"Never you mind, dear," cooed Jane Bliss Taylor, the Miss McCullagh of the cast. "There is a Mormon elder with four wives in the stage box, and he has had his eye on you ever since the 'side-comb' scene. You just do your prettiest in the love scene now, and there is no telling what may happen."

Marceau Photo.

MISS MAY BUCKLEY,

Who Has Just Returned From Europe, and Will Soon Appear With One of Charles Frohman's Companies.

## THE CAMILLE TOUR AGAIN

After everybody supposed that the tour of Mary Mannering in "Camille" with Kyrle Bellew in the role of Armond was postponed for good, up bobs a contract made by Miss Mannering's manager, Frank McKee, with Liebler & Co., who direct the professional fortunes of Mr. Bellew for something like six thousand dollars, the amount the actor was to receive for playing with Mrs. Hackett in the hurrah tour this spring.

Mr. McKee's name is attached to the business end of the contract and naturally he does not think that he should be called upon to pay over the money, especially when it was at the expressed wish of Miss Mannering's husband that she declined to go on with the scheme. Mr. McKee will make a visit to his star, who is playing "Janice Meredith" this week at Baltimore, and ascertain if she will pay Liebler & Co. the money they demand for Mr. Bellew's contract. If she refuses there is a pretty good chance that Mr. McKee will then ask Mr. Hackett for the sum, and in the event if his failing to make good the amount the manager may insist on Miss Mannering going on with the original plan for the "Camille" revival.

The whole thing is one of the most mixed up affairs the theatrical world has been called upon to unravel for these many years, and only serves to emphasize the fact that in business Mr. Hackett is about as impossible as he is behind the footlights.

* * *

In Chicago tonight George Ade's new comic opera, "The Sultan of Sulu," will see the glitter of the footlights for the first time and the name of the author of "Fables in Slang" will be added to the list of native librettists, which already includes Harry B. Smith and Mr. H. Blossoms Smith. Contrary to common belief in Chicago, Mr. Ade has not dramatized one of his clever fables for the plot of his opera, the music of which was written by Alfred G. Wolthall, a young man who is an instructor in the musical department of the Northwestern University at Evanston, Ill.

Ki-Ram, the ruler of the Philippine Isle, is the central figure of the opera. He is shown in the process of being benevolently assimilated and of himself benevolently assimilating American customs, cocktails, and culture. United States Army officers undertake his education, while his large collection of wives is turned over to the Americanizing influences of an invoice of New England girl graduates. Both branches of the Ki-Ram family absorb the higher education principles beyond the expectations of their instructors, and land themselves in a maze of wholesale divorce proceedings and other complications, from which they are finally extricated.

* * *

Mary Wilkins' novel, "Jerome," has been made over for stage purposes by Carroll Flemming and will be used by Walter Perkins for starring purposes in the near future. Heretofore the works of Miss Wilkins have escaped the dramatic tinkers and her New England characters have not been lifted into any of the "atmosphere" plays of which the present season has seen so many.

Mr. Perkins is a capable young actor and was responsible for discovering the merits to the DuSouchet farce, "My Friend From India." He peddled the manuscript from manager to manager for many days until he convinced Smythe & Rice that he had in his possession a really amusing play. He believes that in "Jerome" he has another dramatic piece that will prove equally as valuable as the DuSouchet farce.

## THE WORTHIEST AMBITION THAT A MAN CAN HAVE

By M. JULES CAMBON, French Ambassador.

To contribute to the improvement and to the happiness of the world—that is the worthiest, the best ambition a man can have. Such an ambition has no geographical limitation. There is no weight of selfishness or self-aggrandizement to drag it down from its high place. All men may possess it, because it is rooted in the Divinity which has been in man from the beginning.

Every man must give to the world freely of what he has. If it be wealth, then the gift should be money to help solve the great world problems which confront humanity. But the man who is financially able to make large donations for the amelioration of suffering or the further progress of civilization, gives no more, in my estimation, than the humblest workmen who does the best he can each day of his life. Such a one can give more in the way of good example than the wealthy man can give with his millions.

Good-making is not restricted to wealth. It is a palpable expression of kindness. Without kindness of heart there is little intelligence. The stupid man always believes other men are bad. He can not see that evil is only good gone astray. When he can not see, how can he feel? Without feeling there is no kindness. Without kindness deep set in his soul no man is ambitious in the good-making direction. Savages are cruel because they have not the intelligence to be kind. That even the most degraded brutes are sometimes kind in certain ways is proof of the treatment. It is the power to see, to know what others know, to live what others live, that causes such persons to first feel and then be kind.

The kindness shown by a South Sea Island savage toward his women and the kindness with which a modern gentleman treats his wife differ only as their intelligence differs. It is not learning or what is sometimes called education I mean, but inherent intelligence.

The best example of a man with a worthy ambition is St. Vincent de Paul, who founded the Order of the Sisters of Charity in the seventeenth century. Think of the thousands of women and children his ambition has brought out of misery and degradation!

Pasteur is a modern example of true greatness—a man whose kindness of heart was equal at all times to his intelligence. He was proud of his scientific discoveries, above all because they helped humanity. The days and nights he spent in conquering disease were all spent for the improvement of his fellow-men. Once he wrote to me something like this:

"My recompense is that in the future the children—little boys and girls—will remember my name as the name of one who has loved humanity."

These words are enough. Pasteur labored for the world. His is an example of the very highest and worthiest ambition.

## MRS. ASTOR AS A RULER

A unique character in New York society.

Mrs. William Astor is a unique character in society. She rules by virtue of custom and keeps her throne by the exercise of tact. Society has decided that she cannot have a successor when she passes away. The traditions will die with her as they did with Ward McAllister. Everyone has heard of Mrs. Astor. One hears of her magnificent jewels, of her splendid entertainments, of her gorgeous ball room; of her Newport home, of her house on the Hudson at Rhinecliff, of her superbly appointed apartments in Paris and of rooms in the most expensive hotel in Paris reserved for her from year to year, says a correspondent of the "Pittsburg Dispatch."

Mrs. Astor is now nearly 75 years old. Her father left her quite a small fortune—$200,000—a mere drop in the bucket to her own private fortune of nearly $50,000,000—scarcely serving her for pin money. There are many women who spend much more money than Mrs. Astor. She lives very simply. She is not fond of ostentation of any kind. The only exception to her rule is jewelry, and she wears only diamonds. Mrs. Astor's personal expenses are not one quarter of the Vanderbilts'. Each winter she gives, commencing in December, four dinners. These are called state banquets. There are always 24 guests. On January 6 each year she gives a ball. It marks the opening of the winter social season in New York. No one asked to it ever declines. Mrs. Astor is always on the go. No affair is ultra fashionable without the sanction of her presence. She is the leader, because it has been a tradition that a Mrs. Astor should be at the head of the social organization once known as the 400. When Ward McAllister divided the social world he put Mrs. Astor's name at the head of the list, and she has been the leader ever since. Society is now too large and too divided, and there are too many family feuds for the existence of a successor, so Mrs. Astor's crown will perish with her.

## WHAT IS AN ACTOR?

By CHARLES H. HAWTREY.

WHAT is an actor?

To pin me down to facts would be unfair. No man can define himself either to his own satisfaction or to the satisfaction of the public. What is ample to him may seem small to the public, and vice versa. The question is therefore, most difficult to answer. It depends entirely on how the question is read.

WHAT is an actor?

What IS an actor?

What is an ACTOR?

Three slips of paper in a box! Draw the first and read it with the accent plain:

"WHAT is an actor?" In the erudite columns that lie between the dictionary's two covers the definition stands clear: "One who acts," "a stage player." A very clear and understandable definition, truly! How can a stage player do anything else but act?

Shake up the box again and choose your slip! "What IS an actor?" Despair sits on the brow; there is discouragement in the attitude. An actor is everything, nothing; possibilities, impossibilities; paradoxes and simplicities. No one word could describe his fine qualities—certain it is, none could enumerate the imperfections. Neither can any man or woman guess his trials or sympathize with his sorrows. For the actor is human and sensitive. Pin-pricks oftimes pierce his soul. Enough small punctures make a callous, or is it sometimes a bleeding, sore?

So let's read the last slip:

"What is an ACTOR?" As I have known him, he is not a doctor nor a lawyer, but a creature kind and gentle, generous, irresponsible, conceited, vain, hysterical, emotional, foolish.

In my opinion—but then, what is my opinion worth? After all—

WHAT IS AN ACTOR?

## An Idle Day.

This day will I cast off the coil,
Of aging worry and of toil,
And seek the soothing soul-caress
Of Idleness.

For sometimes it is well to be
Both body-free and spirit-free,
To own no gyve, no cincturing wall,
No thrall at all.

The harper wind strides o'er the hill;
His truant will I make my will;
Two jovial comrades, forth we hie
Beneath the sky.

We loiter; who shall cry us "nay?"
We hasten; who shall bid us stay?
By stream or woodland-side we brood,
As suits our mood.

And, ah, the golden grain I reap
From this one long, from this one deep
Day-dwelling, in the dream-duress
Of Idleness!

I slough the husk of discontent,
And feel no longer hedged and pent;
I look on all that round me lies
With saner eyes.

I gather from the bounteous earth
A quiet joy, an inner mirth;
And life, where'er I pass along,
Seems set to song.

—Clinton Scollard.

## *The Tibetan Mystery Unsolved.*

The despatches recently received from Sven Hedin, the Swedish explorer, giving brief accounts of his disastrous experiences in the forbidden country of Tibet, renew interest in that daring traveler, and recall his former work, "Through Asia," which the Harpers published. In this volume he recounts a wonderful journey from Stockholm, his native city, to Peking, during which he overcame difficulties seemingly insuperable, made the thrilling ascent of the "Father of All Ice Mountains," Mus-tagh-ata, and accomplished herculean feats of daring and endurance. Current reports state that he has been compelled, by the hostile attitude of the Tibetans, to abandon his determination to reach their sacred city of Lhasa. Mr. Hedin was recently entertained by Lord Curzon at Calcutta.

## English Novelties in Soap.

An English soap manufacturer has had an idea. Noting the fact that there was quite a fad for having one's initials on articles of personal use he made and sent to a famous London beauty a box of his very finest product with her initials stamped on each cake. His scheme has proven a winner and has obtained widely extended vogue from another circumstance. A society light whose daughter was about to be married ordered one hundred cakes of special design and cost, each bearing facsimile signatures of the bride and groom. Each wedding guest received one in a handsome little box, and at once the soap-maker was overwhelmed with orders. A leading actress has her picture and autograph stamped on her supply. The picture of baby is sometimes imprinted on the soap of fond and wealthy parents, though the soap is more often given away than actually sold. An English society belle, whose residence is nearly always filled with guests, is accustomed to suply the toilet stand of each visitor with a tablet of soap on which is finely engraved her signature and crest. As most of the guests use their own soap and carry away that of their hostess as a souvenir, the manufacturer has in this one customer quite an extensive source of income, for the price that is charged for this kind of work is not small.

## The Message of March.

Who blows his bugle o'er the leas?
Who roves across the snow-clad hills,
With wanton locks upon the breeze,
Yellow the nodding daffodils?
Athwart the welkin, loud and long,
Sounds blare o' bugle, snatch of song,
Awake, O World! (So March doth say).
Awake! for soon she'll wend this way,
With rose-wrought face and fair,
And April in her hair,
The Maid o' Spring!

Clasping the cruel window grate,
With tearful face, in her gray tower,
Wan with her weary captive fate,
Spring sighs away the laggard hour.
Now hark! The bugle's mellow blast!
And stripling March fares singing past,
Oh thro' the bars, as she doth stand,
She waves to him her little hand,
How long the drear delay!
She highs, ah, well-a-day!
The Maid o' Spring!

The sluggard world from slumber wakes,
In answer to the herald call,
And as from face a lady takes
Her mask, at height of carnival,
The streamlet melts its icy guise
And trips along in olden wise,
While all its liquid notes it sets
To pulse of pebble castanets,
With palm against her ear,
She lightly laughs to hear,
The Maid o' Spring!

The snows that lie on upland hight
Are clipped by scissors o' the sun,
Like sheep that lose their fleeces white,
And into heaping clouds are spun,
That hang o'er fallow field and hill
And sudden showers of silver spill,
While one by one the sylvan, shy,
Blue violets break like rifts of sky,
And lo! along the lea
She wanders, wayward, free,
The Maid o' Spring!

—Edward Uffington Valentine.

## A HISTORIC FLAG.

"There is one relic in the Treasury Department which is not seen by half the visitors to Washington, simply because their Washington friends don't know it is there," said a Treasury girl yesterday. "It is the flag which was draped over the front of the box in which Lincoln sat when he was assassinated. You can see the torn place where Booth's spur caught when he tripped and fell.

"You don't know where it is? Well, it is somewhere in the Treasury building, and you'll find it if you look."

## FATAL FOOLISHNESS.

A recent case of strychnine poisoning came about in a manner which causes the practical observer to divide his emotions between natural compassion for the sufferer and a certain measure of contempt for the folly which led to the poisoning. A woman received by mail something which purported to be samples of headache medicine. The samples bore a manufacturer's label and were addressed in a hand unknown to the recipient. Not long afterward, feeling somewhat ill, it occurred to her to sample the sample packages, and she did so. The result was death in a few hours.

The remainder of the alleged medicine was then analyzed and found to be mostly strychnine. Nobody can discover any reason why an attempt should have been made to poison this woman, as her domestic relations were happy, and she had, so far as known, no enemies. But the fact remains that in taking a dose of medicine of whose nature she knew absolutely nothing, and which had come to her from an unknown source, she exhibited a folly which came near being criminal. Suppose, instead of being herself the victim of this folly, she had administered the powder to her husband or some one else in the family, and the victim had died. Could anything have saved her from a trial for murder?

There are too many people who are disposed to regard as sacred from criticism anything that looks like a patent medicine. They seem to think that if a thing is patented and bears a few yards of testimonials as a decoration it is absolutely safe and harmless. It may be—for some people. But what is one man's meat is another man's poison, and it is safe to follow the rule of taking no patent medicine whatever unless it has been examined by a reputable physician and pronounced suitable to the ailment it is supposed to cure. Honest medicine venders will not object to this, and the dishonest ones will.

## The Japan Current.

In one sense the Kuro Siwo, or Japan current, is the most interesting in the world, because many oceanographers believe it was the direct means of peopling America. This much, at least, is certain: If a boat were to be set adrift on parts of the Asiatic coast, and survived all storms, the Japan current could be depended upon to carry it across the Pacific and deposit it on the American shore. Such a thing happened almost within the memory of man. In 1822 nine Japanese fishermen were left derelict and unable to find their way back to the shore. They went with the current, and after a drift lasting during several months they were carried to Hawaii.

Trees torn by storm from the banks of Asiatic rivers frequently float across the Pacific to the American coast. Between Kakatag and Kyak, about 1,200 miles northwest of Seattle, enormous piles of this driftwood cover the beaches. There can be no question of the Asiatic origin of the timber. They are the trunks of the camphor tree, the mango and the mahogany. Logs 150 feet long and eight feet in diameter are frequently found. Many of them are seen floating shoreward, with fantastic roots standing high above the waves. In places the logs are piled twenty feet high. They are generally without bark, which has been peeled off by the waves, and most of them have become white and heavy from impregnation with salt water. As they pile up, the sands drift over them and gradually they sink out of sight and new beaches are formed. This process has been going on for ages, and the shore line is being steadily extended. Excavations along the beach show that the texture of the buried timber gets harder and harder the further in you go, until in some instance petrefaction has taken place. Other excavations show logs that have turned to coal.

The presence of Siberian driftwood on the shores of Greenland convinced Nansen that his idea of drifting across the polar sea in the Fram was logical. Great quantities of the wood are annually cast on the coasts of Spitzbergen and Novaya Zemblya, and there are tribes of Greenland Eskimos who depend for sledge runners and other wooden implements on the drift from Siberian forests. For years they depended for iron implements on the hoops of casks which came to them over the seas.—Ainslee's Magazine.

## Ex-Mayor Hewitt an Important Metropolitan Figure

ONE HAS to attend an important meeting of the Metropolitan Chamber of Commerce to understand the unique position which ex-Mayor Abram S. Hewitt occupies in New York. There gather at these meetings men of vast power in the commercial world—merchants, manufacturers, bankers, publicists—men of might and of millions. The group of half a hundred or possibly fourscore real captains of industry is impressive. One feels instinctively that they are fair representatives of the men who control the commercial operations of the American metropolis and whose genius gives to New York much of its greatness.

Among these there is one little old man who by common consent occupies a seat of honor at the right of the president of the chamber. He bears well the weight of eighty years, during which he has done more than one man's share of the work of erecting America's great commercial fabric. There is no keener eye among all the alert men who sit below him on the floor of the chamber and no head that is clearer. It is five years since the infirmities of age overtook him, but his simple and rational manner of life stood him in good stead, and when Dr. Roharts, the Parisian physician, gave the aged ironmaster subcutaneous injections of the glycero-phosphate of sodium he quickly responded to the treatment, and returned to his manifold activities in New York quite rejuvenated.

Since then he has seldom been absent from important meetings of the Chamber of Commerce, and it is noticeable that when he rises to speak in the body most representative of the city's business interests there is profound silence and obvious respect. The imperious men of affairs, confident in the power of their millions, sit almost humble—it is a picture of the genii of commerce at the feet of a prophet of its world.

No voice that is raised in that chamber commands the unfeigned respect that is accorded to the sometimes weak and tremulous tones in which the aged iron manufacturer utters words of counsel. Seldom it is that he does not command the assent of the chamber to his views.

In the fourscore years that he is rounding out—Mr. Hewitt was born on July 31, 1822—he has been tremendously active. With Peter Cooper, his father-in-law, he did much, half a century ago, to blaze the way for the tremendous operations of the present day in the manufacture of iron and steel, and when the extent of the iron deposits in Alabama was revealed, Mr. Hewitt was among the first to realize the commercial advantage of manufacturing steel close to the mines in a country that furnished likewise the coal and the limestone, the three staple substances used in the process of manufacture being so placed by nature that they could be brought together without large cost for transportation.

Cooper Union is as much a monument to Mr. Hewitt's genius as to the munificence of Peter Cooper, for it was the son-in-law of the philanthropist who organized the institution and set its many beneficent agencies in operation, and he has carefully guided its work for two-score years.

Busy as he was, Mr. Hewitt found time to take an active part in politics, and he served in Congress from 1874 to 1886, and was mayor of New York city in 1887 and 1888, achieving distinction in the latter office by his sturdy insistence upon honesty and integrity in public office. He became a conspicuous national figure in 1876, as chairman of the Democratic National Committee during the memorable Tilden-Hayes campaign.